

# The Pocahontas Times.

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"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

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**BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.**

The Callisons of Locust have a claim for special recognition in our biographical sketches as one of the oldest families of southern Pocahontas. Members of that relationship have done a great deal in developing their section, and have shown what can be done with our soil in our climate by well applied energy and industry. The progenitor of this relationship, so far as it is traceable, was James Callison, senior. This person and his wife Elizabeth were natives of Ireland, but, as the name indicates, were of English origin. No doubt the Callisons were among the families that King James the First encouraged to settle in the north of Ireland.

Late in the previous century it appears that James Callison went from Greenbrier County to Grant County, Tennessee, and made a permanent settlement and reared his family. The sons of James Callison the emigrant, and Elizabeth his wife were James, Anthony, Isaac, Jesse, Samuel, and Elizabeth. Their daughters were Rebecca, Abigail, Mary, Nancy, and Ruth. In reference to the whereabouts of most of these sons and daughters but little has come to our notice.

Isaac Callison, son of the emigrant, settled in the Meadows or south-west Greenbrier, where some of his descendants now live.

Col. Elisha Callison, another son of the emigrant and pioneer, married Margaret Bright, daughter of David Bright of Greenbrier, and lived on the noted Callison homestead near Lewisburg.

About 1782, James Callison, another son of the pioneer emigrant, came from Tennessee to Locust, now Lower Pocahontas, and settled on a tract of 164 acres, pre-empted some years previously by his father. Soon after locating on Trump Run Mr Callison took a great fancy to Miss Susan Edmiston, the charming daughter of James Edmiston, senior, who was then living on the farm now owned by George Callison, a grand-son of the lovely woman just referred to.

James Callison and Susan Edmiston his wife were the parents of five sons and two daughters, concerning whom we are able to give the following particulars.

William Callison married Hannah Ray, and settled in Nicholas County.

Isaac Callison married Nancy Jordan, sister of the late Mrs Mattie Beard; lived awhile in Nicholas County, and afterwards returned to Pocahontas.

James Callison married Rebecca Gillilan, daughter of John Gillilan, Esq., and settled in Missouri. Josiah Callison married Nancy Hill, daughter of the late Thomas Hill, Esq., who was a son of Richard Hill, the pioneer. They spent their days at the old homestead, and were the happy parents of five sons and three daughters. We give the following particulars in reference to Mr and Mrs Josiah Callison's family:

James Callison married Ellen Alkire, of Lewis County, West Virginia, and settled in Greenbrier where he died in 1885. His widow and two children now live in the State of Kansas.

Thomas F. Callison has been married twice. His first wife was Minta Myles, of Greenbrier County; and his second marriage was with Jane Myles, a cousin, and his now lives near Locust. It is on his hands coat has been recently discovered, and promises good results for as developed.

William Callison married Fannie Whiting, daughter of Ebenezer Whiting on the summit of Drooping Mountain, and lives on Locust Creek a mile or so from its source. Locust Creek springs from the base of Drooping Mountain a full sized creek, receiving but little volume from visible tributaries on its course to the Greenbrier.

George Callison's wife was Miss Mandie McNeel, daughter of Captain William L. McNeel, and his residence is at Hillsboro on the place occupied so long by the late Colonel John Hill.

Richard Callison married Miss Fannie Beard, daughter of Charles W. Beard, Esq., near Hillsboro, and he lives on the old Trump Run Homestead, near Locust.

All of these sons are among the more prosperous citizens of lower Pocahontas. They are devoted to farming and managing live stock. Thus contributing very much to the substantial prosperity of our county.

Martha Callison, daughter of Mr Josiah Callison, was married to James K. Bright, Esq., and their home is at Hillsboro.

Mary Callison, the other daughter, was married to Lorenzo Reger, and their residence is in Roane County, West Virginia.

Jemima Callison became Mrs Jesse Bright, near Frankford, in Greenbrier. She died in 1886.

The other branch of the Callison relationship in our county is represented by the descendants of Anthony Callison, a son of James Callison, the emigrant from Ireland. Anthony Callison was reared in Tennessee, and soon after coming to Virginia he lost his heart in Greenbrier County, and he and Miss Abigail McClung were married and settled on lands adjoining the possessions of his brother, James Callison. These persons were the parents of six sons and four daughters.

Abram Callison married Frankie Blair, from North Carolina, a sister of the late Major William Blair near Hillsboro, and after living a few years in Pocahontas went to North Carolina.

Joseph Callison married Elizabeth Bright, of Greenbrier.

Isaac Callison married Huldah Hickman, in Bath County, Virginia, and moved to Indiana.

Anthony Callison, junior, was married to Miss Martha Hill, and settled in Indiana.

Israel Callison married Mary Bright, sister of Joseph's wife, lived many years on the old homestead, and finally moved to Illinois.

Elisha Callison located in the Meadows of West Greenbrier.

Margaret Callison, daughter of Anthony and Abigail Callison, became Mrs William Burnside and went to Indiana to seek a home.

Elizabeth Callison married Jonathan Jordan, and they lived on Cook's Dry Run, the place lately occupied by Peter Clark, deceased, and now owned by Sherman Clark, Esq. It was here she died. Her twin sons John and Anthony also died.

Abigail Callison became the wife of James Gay, one of Robert Gay's sons, the pioneer, and they settled in Indiana.

Julia Callison, the youngest daughter, married when she was just past fifteen the late Colonel William Woods Poage. They lived awhile at Marlin's Bottom, now Marlinton, and then moved to Poage's Lane, near Clover Lick. Her sons William Anthony and Henry Moffett were slain in the war between the States. They were regarded as remarkably brave soldiers. Henry Moffett was a lieutenant in the Bath Squadron. One of the Pocahontas camps of Confederate veterans is named for him—the highest honor to his memory in the power of his comrades to confer. Her eldest daughter, a beautiful promising person, was fatally injured by flames right before her mother's eyes. Her surviving daughter, Ella Barr, lives in Mississippi. Her sons Quincy Woods and John Robert live on the grand old homestead near Clover Lick with their interesting families. The writer will ever cherish the memory of Mrs Julia Poage as one of the kindest friends of his boyhood and early manhood.

The writer has thus far been enabled to make a brief contribution to the history of the Callison relationship which deserves an important place in the annals of our county. It makes him feel sad to think that the kind friend, (Mrs Nancy Callison), who so patiently furnished him the information without which this paper could not have been written, is not here to receive the thanks that are so justly due her. It looks now like it was a special providence that per-

mitted us to meet at the time when we did, and is so regarded by the compiler. Her bright and pleasant way of recalling the reminiscences of friends and acquaintances was something like which one cannot expect to witness very often now, as so few are left to rehearse the story of that past which was once a living present to them.

These people whose lives make up the past, whose history so few survive to repeat, sowed in tears, in privations, and hardships what we who now live are reaping in a joyful harvest. What they sowed in tears we the living may reap with grateful joy if we have proper appreciation of what they did and suffered in their day and generation. Let us not forget that the frugality, industry, and careful attention to duties that enabled them to secure this goodly heritage is all important for us to observe and imitate in order to keep it all from slipping away and vanishing from our reach. Like busy bees our pioneer friends all over our county tried to improve every shining hour, and turn to some good account every opportunity in sight, no matter how hard it may have seemed. It has been well said that those who look only for easy places will finally round up in the hardest places and have no way to get out except by death. W. T. F.

**White Horse Shares.**

A New Yorker was staid in an office in Gunnison City, Colorado, one day, when a grizzly looking old chap entered and asked if that was the place where they sold shares of the White Horse Silver Mine. Being assured he was in the office of the company, he observed: "I have heard of the White Horse spoken of as a likely mine."

"It certainly is. We took \$10,000 worth of our out in one day."

"Phaw! She must be just old richness! How many men have ye got to work?"

"Oh, about three hundred."

"Have ye, tho? And are the sheers going off purty lively?"

"Shares are selling like hot cakes and we have only a few left. Everybody says the White Horse is a big investment."

"What are sheers worth today?"

"I will sell you at ninety-five, tho I know they will be worth face value tomorrow."

"Well, that's better; there's a hundred sheers which you sold my yard yesterday for twenty dollars. I went over to the mine, found a dead mule, and I told him I'd come up and get his money back or do some shootin'! I'm tarnation glad they riz from twenty to ninety-five. That will give my pard his money back, and buy me a winter outfit besides. Here's your sheers, and let's see the color of your money!"

"But, sir, we—"

"Pass out the cash!" said the old man, as he rested the edge of his shooter on the edge of the counter. The company had left his revolver in his overcoat, and he did not believe the New Yorker would shoot for him. After a look around he began counting out the money with a bland, and as he made the change he said:

"Certainly, sir—greatest of pleasure, sir. Sorry you did n't hold them one day more, and get the full face value!"—Exchange.

**Daddy Kipling.**

"What's that so white that walks the floor?" said folks on parade.

"It's Daddy Rudyard Kipling," the London doctor said;

"He's the father of another boy—he wants to get to bed, but he's walkin' of the baby in the mornin'!"

"What's that, what's that, that squalls so loud?" said folks on parade.

"It's little Kip with colic," the London doctor said;

"And the older Kip is painting all the furniture in red, and he's swearin' at the baby in the mornin'!"—Exchange.

**Suicide at Elkins.**

George R. Gobbert, 28 years of age, a wealthy contractor, locked himself in his room at the Randolph Hotel and fired a 38-caliber bullet thro his heart. He had been an ardent suitor for the hand of Miss Grace Riley, and they were engaged. Miss Riley's parents objected, and Miss Riley obeyed their wishes. For three days Gobbert had not been able to get any word from his sweetheart.

Gobbert left a letter for Miss Riley, which is not made public, and one to his father giving business directions. In it Gobbert said he felt that he was going crazy.

**Big Land Deal.**

One of the largest transactions of years in West Virginia has just been completed by the sale of the greater part of what is known as the Cheat River wilderness to a New York syndicate, of which Cornelius Vanderbilt, Dr W. Stewart Webb, and J. McKay Twombly are the principals. This syndicate has purchased from Hon. John T. McGraw, Member of the national Democratic committee from West Virginia, a tract of about 300,000 acres for sum of \$520,000. A small fraction of this amount is represented by the interest Mr McGraw retains in the syndicate.

The tract purchased is about fifty miles long and averages about ten miles in width. It lies along the middle of the eastern border of the State of West Virginia, its northern boundary beginning near Horton, the present terminus of the railroad built by the Leather Trust to reach the timber lands from which it has been taking tannin. The railroad extends from Horton northward and intersects the West Virginia Central at Parsons. Extending in a southwesterly direction, the lands purchased include all the territory about the headwaters of Cheat River and between the forks of the Greenbrier. Both rivers have their sources in the Alleghany mountains, which are the eastern boundary of the tract, as well as the dividing line between Virginia and West Virginia, and in the Greenbrier mountains, which form the western limits of the southern part of the tract.

The territory covered by this purchase is immensely rich in coal, marble and iron, but the timber which covers it makes the most tempting field. White pine, poplar, spruce and hardwoods are found in perfect forests. The action of the State of New York in stopping the cutting of timber in the Adirondack region took out of the market one of the largest sources of supply of spruce lumber. This wood is largely used in the manufacture of pulp wood for wood pulp mills, and this field which the syndicate will open up is the largest and most available to take the place of the New York spruce forests.

The syndicate which has bought the McGraw tract has also acquired control of the Leather Trust railroad. A construction force will proceed at once to build an extension of about 110 miles from Horton, the present terminus, down the valley of the Greenbrier mountains to the forks of the Greer River. From this point it will follow the course of the Greenbrier River to a point just north of the White Sulphur Springs. It is not yet determined whether a short cut will be made from here across the mountains to White Sulphur, or the longer but easier course at Greenbrier River will be followed to Ronceverte. In any case, connection with the Chesapeake and Ohio railway will be made at one of these points.

The new railroad will tap a portion of the State hitherto entirely undeveloped through lack of transportation facilities. It has, probably, the largest amount of readily available tonnage in sight of any road of its length in the South. Through its connections with the Chesapeake and Ohio at Ronceverte or White Sulphur Springs, and with the West Virginia Central at Parsons, through which shipments can be made east or west via Baltimore and Ohio at Cumberland, or Pennsylvania railroad at Hyndman, it will command a liberal choice of routes to all the great markets of the country, and be in a position to shape rate to its advantage through the three competing lines.

"The effect on the country thro which the railroad will pass will be immediate, as its projectors will push forward the erection of saw-mills, wood pulp mills, and tanneries at once.

The old residents of the State will view with regret the building of this railroad, as it cuts through the heart of the "Wilderness," the last great tract of wild lands left in the State. This section has long been famous for its game, and it is said that more deer have been killed about the "Forks of Greenbrier" than any place in the east.—Charleston Gazette.

We have the pleasing information to give our farmer friends that the new tariff increases the price of sugar but lowers the duty on diamonds. Would it not be well for them to make the best of this resplendent opportunity and furnish the girls with diamond rings, at least more especially those who are willing to do without sugar in their teas.

The Best. Rest. Test.

There are two kinds of sarsaparilla: The best—and the rest. The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best, who's to tell them apart? Well, "the tree is known by its fruit." That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root,—the record of these sarsaparillas? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit; that, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many medals and awards—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which, admitting Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best—shut its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal, to be the only Sarsaparilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best sarsaparilla of your druggist, here's an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.

**WILL PARALEL THE B. & O.**

Revival of Talk of Another West Virginia Railroad.

Baltimore dispatches state that the company, which contemplates the construction of a line from Baltimore to Cincinnati, has filed for record at Baltimore a mortgage for \$18,000,000, covering the property and franchises of the company given to the Manufacturer's Trust Company to secure an issue of 5 per cent. bonds. E. A. Hayt, of New York, is named as president and E. L. Suffren, of New York, as secretary. The company was organized some sixteen years or more ago and was incorporated in Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and Ohio. The Baltimore Sun states that the charter provides for a line running thro Anne, Arundel, Howard, Frederick and Montgomery Counties, Maryland; Loudoun, Clark and Frederick Counties, in Virginia; Jefferson, Hampshire, Hardy, Grant, Pendleton, Randolph, Pocahontas, Webster, Braxton, Nicholas, Clay, Kanawha, Putman, Cabell and Mason Counties, in West Virginia; Gallia, Jackson, Pike, Highland, Brown, Clermont, Hamilton, Scioto and Adams Counties, in Ohio. Some surveys were made in 1881 and a construction company was organized to build the road, but no work beyond surveys appears to have been done. According to the original plans it was proposed to cross the Ohio River above Ironton, Ohio, and make a direct line to Portsmouth, from which point to Cincinnati, it was proposed to absorb the Cincinnati & Virginia. By consulting the files of The Railway Age we find the following in regard to the project in the issue of December 1, 1881:

"This company has been organized to carry into effect an old plan for constructing a railway from Baltimore to Cincinnati parallel with the Baltimore & Ohio. According to the prospectus the projected line follows the north bank of the Ohio from Cincinnati to Gallipolis, 150 miles; crosses the Ohio at Gallipolis, and traverses the bank of the Great Kanawha River to Charleston, 54 miles, when it connects with the Chesapeake & Ohio system; follows the bank of Elk River, northerly to its headwaters in the Alleghany mountains, 160 miles; follows the valley of the South Branch of the Potomac to Moorfield, 60 miles; crosses the country by way of Leesburg and Winchester to the Potomac River, 104 miles; crosses the Potomac at Edward's ferry, and follows a direct line to Baltimore 57 miles. The length of the route is 601 miles and for two-thirds of the way along the banks of rivers. The line as projected touches 208 towns of which number 188 have no railway connection. The prospectus estimates the maximum cost of a first class steel rail, single-track railroad at \$25,000 per mile or \$15,000,000 for the entire 600 miles of road. To this is added an estimated expenditure of \$10,000,000 for depots, elevators, rolling stock and telegraph lines.—The Railway Age.

ONE of the most alarming things that has come under our notice recently is to the effect that in some southern sections citizens are leaving their farms and moving their families to towns for safety, being afraid to leave their families alone in their country homes to attend their fields or other affairs requiring absence from the house. It looks as if mounted police may become a feature of rural society and be on patrol all hours of the twenty-four. It is claimed the expense would not be great, and the tendency would be to suppress all manner of lawlessness.

**OBITUARY.**

Howard Dilley, son of Amos J. and Minty V. Dilley, died July 26, 1897, aged seventeen years, two months and twenty-five days.

It has been said that "Death leaves a shining mark." This was truly exemplified in the death of this young man. He was ill only a few days with typhoid fever, but bore his afflictions patiently, not a murmur was heard to escape his lips. To know him, was to love him. He always wore a smile and met his friends with kindly greetings.

It seems sad that one so young and full of hope should thus be cut down in the morning of life. But we know that He, who ruleth over all, is too wise to err, and too kind to needlessly afflict his children. We trust that his parents and friends may be resigned to the dispensation of God's Providence. He was always known to be a moral young man, and was a penitent at the altar. During his illness he was often heard to pray, and just before he closed his eyes in death, a bright smile illuminated his countenance. We trust that he is resting from his labors, and that his parents, brothers, sisters and friends may meet him again on the Glorified Shore where sad partings never come. A FRIEND.

THE ingenuity of the book agent has not been exhausted, if an incident which occurred the other day in a lawyer's office downtown is to be taken as characteristic. The principle partner is one of the best known lawyers of the New York bar. One day last week a woman came into the outer office, and, asking for the head of the firm, said that she was anxious to see him on important business. The clerks gave her the stereotyped answer. Mr So-and-So was busy but one of them offered to take in her name. She then produced a card to which she added some words in pencil. The clerk glanced at it and saw that beneath her name she had written "A woman with a history." He gave it to his employer who was indeed busily engaged. The unusual card attracted his attention, and the young woman was shown into his office. She gave no evidence of having had a history, and seemed rather a businesslike, cheerful young person.

"I wrote on the card," she said, "that I have a history. That is true. It is one of the best of the United States that was ever published and it is the cheapest." Continuing the description so rapidly that there was no time for the lawyer to interfere, she told him all she wanted to before he called a clerk to show her out. She did not succeed in selling a copy of her book, but she got nearer the great man than any book agent had ever done before.—New York Sun.

"My boy came home from school one day with his hand badly lacerated and bleeding, and suffering great pain," says Mr E. J. Schall, with Meyer Bros. Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo. "I dressed the wound, and applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely. All pain ceased, and to a remarkably short time it healed without leaving a scar. For wounds, sprains, swellings and rheumatism I know of no medicine or prescription equal to it. I consider it a household necessity." The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by all druggists.

BALDNESS is nothing new; it dates back to the early ages. How to restore the hair is modern. Hall's Hair Renewer, the best product of science, will restore it.